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Mum and Mobility
—Michael P. Fogarty

THE

Commonweal

"Religious Nationalism"

FERMENT IN AFRICA

by Finbar Synnott

A Personal Report

RETURN ENGAGEMENT

by John Cogley

John Updike Martin Turnell

John A. Lynch William Pfaff James R. Mellow

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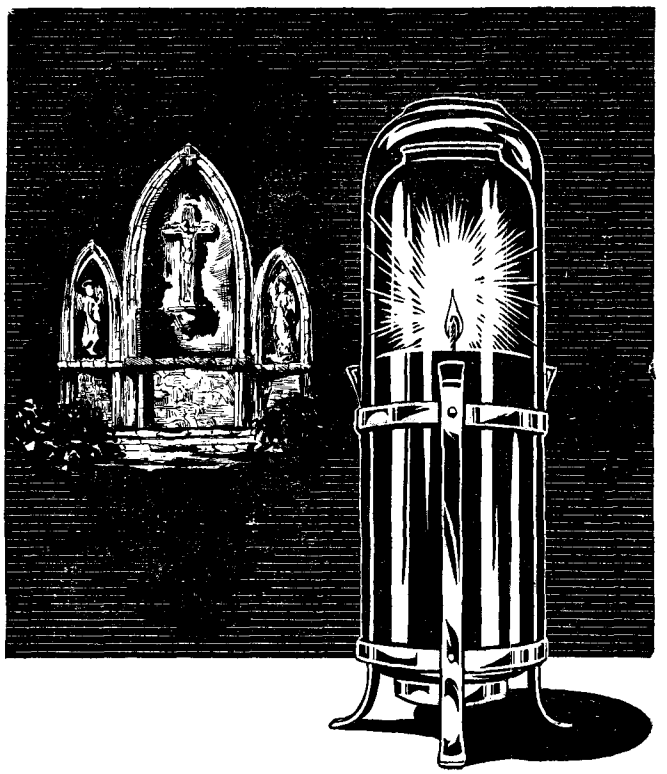

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

PRESBYTERIANS ON PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS

LAST WEEK, in our "Of Note" section, we reprinted from *Christianity and Crisis* some comments by Dr. John C. Bennett of Union Theological Seminary on the school bus issue. This week, we feel sure, many readers will be as struck as we were by the contrast between the moderation of Dr. Bennett's remarks and the recent statement on parochial schools endorsed by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in its meeting in Omaha, Nebraska.

Speaking on behalf of a report which sharply criticized parochial schools, the Rev. Gase Little, chairman of the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education, called parochial school education "a kind of brain washing which is foreign to Christian education." The Presbyterian Church maintains no parochial schools; the Rev. Mr. Little should hardly be shocked, however, if the wording of his charge aroused some resentment among Catholics and among members of those Protestant denominations which believe in and support their own parochial schools. Nor will this feeling be improved by the results of a query addressed by the National Catholic Welfare Conference to the Rev. Mr. Little after his talk, for he then admitted that he had never been inside a parochial school and that he had never made a study of the curricula of such schools.

Under the circumstances, no one, we imagine, is going to be particularly surprised by the fact that the General Assembly is opposed to any legislation that makes publicly supported bus rides available to parochial as well as public school children. But the report also questioned whether the level of academic instruction in parochial schools is adequate, and this point, unlike the Rev. Mr. Little's remarks about "brain washing," seems to be worth further discussion.

We doubt the validity of any sweeping claim on behalf of the academic superiority of either the parochial or the public schools on a national basis. Judging by our own experience, in some areas the public school system will have higher academic standards than the parochial school. In other areas the situation will be reversed, so much so that some non-Catholic parents will be anxious to enroll their children in the Catholic parochial school. In general, although a thorough, school-by-school survey might prove us wrong, we are inclined to think that most of the Catholic parochial schools measure up to normally accepted academic standards about as well as public schools. But beyond this, there is, we think, an important point that should not be left out of the discussion.

No Christian, it seems to us, can discuss the question of education as if "academic standards" were the only values involved. We need to raise the level of education in every school, public and parochial, but we also should not be overly impressed by a completely secular yardstick for measuring education which omits any consideration of the role of religious values and training. On another level of education, for example, there are the small religious colleges, Protestant and Catholic. Some of these colleges, it is generally agreed, do not measure up to the professional standards of the better endowed secular schools, and everyone concerned should try to improve them. But one still cannot ignore the fact that there are certain values in these institutions which cannot be found in many of the larger colleges and universities, although by academic standards these latter may be incomparably "better."

Problems do exist in American education, public and private, which require serious, sober consideration. In most parts of the country, the

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public schools badly need more space, more teachers, more money, if they are to meet the needs of the growing child-population. A growing number of Protestants are increasingly concerned with the problem of religious education for children, and many people are anxious to explore the possibilities of introducing into public school curricula some emphasis on spiritual and moral training, if that can be done. For their part, Catholics are interested in improving the general level of education in the parochial schools, which are attended by something less than half of the Catholic children in this country; with meeting the challenges ahead in public education; and with providing better religious training for the children not now in the parochial schools.

All these points require sober consideration and the calm exchange of various points of view which can take place only in a climate of moderation. Catholics have not always contributed to the development of such a climate, as we have pointed out before, but this time the onus seems to rest on the Presbyterians. Broadside attacks on the parochial schools certainly help no one—especially when they are put forward and defended by a man who has never set foot inside a parochial school in his life.

NO ADDITIONAL NUCLEAR POWERS?

EVER SINCE THE "ultimate weapon" was developed mankind has been in desperate search of a system of effective controls. With the subsequent multiplication of its destructive powers and the indicated deleterious effects of radioactive fallout on present and future generations, the urgency has mounted. During the past decade discussions have been fruitless, mainly because of the Soviet Union's unwillingness to agree to inspection. Now that Great Britain has exploded its own H-bomb high above the Central Pacific, the problem of control has become three-cornered. There is a new danger that the problem may soon slip even more out of hand as other nations develop nuclear weapons of their own.

Here is a situation where it is clearly preferable to have possession of such capabilities strictly limited rather than widespread—ideally, with proper safeguards, under a single international agency. If used in any but small tactical form, nuclear weapons by their very nature would provoke large conflagrations rather than those "brush-fire" wars which can be damped out by concerted international action. And with the knowledge abroad today, a dozen other industrialized nations, if they concentrated on the project, could produce such weapons of their own—thereby greatly increasing the chances of a nuclear holocaust.

In a negative way, then, a pact in which all nations but the present three would renounce possession of nuclear weapons would mark an important step in armament control. And in this objective there is a striking contrast to the world's interest in building up economic, political and social strength in many nations. The existence of strong nations and strong societies everywhere—now so far from realization—will serve as a guarantee against subversion, war and conquest, while the possession of nuclear weapons must be restricted to as few nations or agencies as possible. There is nothing inconsistent about seeking such restriction and at the same time trying to extend the constructive uses of atomic energy to some eighty nations.

But the sole possessors of nuclear arms would literally have life-and-death powers over the rest of mankind. The enforcement of peace would to all practical purposes lie solely in their hands. It could never be effectively challenged. Are the American people willing to take on this major share of such a fearful responsibility for all foreseeable time? Are the peoples of the world themselves ready to entrust their destinies to a Soviet Union bent on conquest of the world, a Britain still intent on defense of Empire and a United States well-fed and content in a world of want?

West Germany has already told the U.S.S.R. of its willingness to forego possession of nuclear weapons as part of a general arms agreement. Doubtless others are ready to come in despite misgivings. Perhaps, called forth by man's instinct for self-preservation, the first steps toward effective disarmament are actually in the offing. Until they take place, life on this planet remains a highly precarious prospect.

WRITERS AND READERS

SHARP, NEW criticism leveled at a group of Russian writers substantiates the belief that Soviet life is undergoing changes which may prove to be of real significance. At irregular intervals the West has heard reports that the youth of Russia were restless and dissatisfied with life in the U.S.S.R. In the past, such reports were minimized, sensibly enough, by pointing out comparable manifesta-

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tions of youthful unrest in Western countries. Since the Twentieth Congress, however, such reports have grown in frequency and significance. And they are supported by statements, and threats, from top Soviet leaders who complain of the state of mind revealed by the young.

The complaints do not stem only from those differences which inevitably arise between older and younger generations. The differences, as the official Soviet world makes clear, suggest the possibilities of a real cleavage between the Soviet intelligentsia and the Soviet regime. And if a generation which has known only Communist indoctrination becomes rebellious, the Party theorists have cause to worry. In addition, the upheaval in Poland and the revolt in Hungary are sharp reminders that critical intellectuals and restless workers can be an explosive mixture.

Most recently, Soviet officials have expressed their concern over the welfare of the youth by harshly criticizing a new kind of recalcitrant in Russian life—the writer who neither repents nor defends his work when it is attacked by the Party, the artist who remains silent. These writers, who deal with subjects prohibited during the era of Stalin, are accused of "objectivism," of acting as if their works need not imply a judgment. In asserting this notion they fail to live up to the spirit of Socialism, which must always criticize the errors and contradictions of bourgeois society.

The deep ocean swell of resistance among the "silent" writers is part of that struggle between art and Soviet ideology whose surface storms were visible soon after the Twentieth Congress. In trying to brake the exuberance of those writers who exaggerated their new freedom, Mr. Dmitri Shepilov, a Party secretary, said that "those who err should have their doubts and what is unclear to them patiently explained, should be helped to take a correct stand." Such an apparently conciliatory statement falls flat when it encounters writers who fail to admit that they have erred and who silently ignore the helping hand.

But beyond the admitted importance of unresponsive writers is the effect they are having on Russian youth. Mr. Shepilov expressed official dismay when he said these writers who "claimed to portray 'the truth and nothing but the truth' " were watched "with particular passion by the most ardent and credulous of our readers—the youth." Such writers were causing widespread confusion Mr. Shepilov said. And, in an oddly plaintive note, he asked, "Why don't those who caused this confusion in young minds come out with an explanation?"

It would be foolish to make too much of such incidents, which obviously testify to Soviet recognition of deep dissatisfaction among segments of the populace, even when they multiply. But the recent history of Eastern Europe shows that official unease is justified. Yet it should not be forgotten that astute political observers have predicted a decline of the inner dynamism of Communism, and these incidents tend to support their views. Whatever the total situation within Russia, it is evident that some youthful intellectuals are searching for new ideas. It is the difficult task of the free world to prove that it has such ideas to offer.

ANTI-AMERICANISM

WHEN THE PRESIDENT explained the Mutual Security program to the American people, via TV, he pointed out that our foreign aid expenditures are really a form of self-help, that it is easier and cheaper for us to strengthen our allies than it would be for us to bear the whole burden of defense against aggression. Mr. Eisenhower's words may have opened the eyes of some Americans, but he said nothing our allies didn't know already—that our gifts and loans, our overseas bases, our military and economic missions, are intended, ultimately, to protect ourselves.

The recipients of our "aid" are not, therefore, automatically filled with gratitude. They may even feel that they are simply being used as instruments of United States policy, and no one likes to be used. Further, it is hard for the poor and weak not to be envious and resentful of those conspicuously more fortunate, and the United States is fantastically wealthy in comparison with its allies, especially those in Asia. There are many other factors behind the anti-Americanism we encounter even among our friends, and especially, again, in Asia. Our colonial record is not altogether without blemish; our chief allies—Britain and France—are even now embroiled in colonial disputes; we have a much-publicized racial problem here at home; we are thought of as the developers and first users of the atomic bomb. In the face of all this, is it any wonder that the presence of American forces in foreign lands should lead sometimes to disagreement and misunderstanding?

The surprising thing is rather that the record of our troops abroad has been so good, and that there have been so few incidents like the ones which occurred recently in Japan and Taiwan. In Japan, inflamed public opinion has demanded a

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Japanese trial for an American soldier who accidentally killed a Japanese woman. And an angry mob has wrecked some United States installations on Taiwan in protest over the court martial acquital of another soldier in the killing of a Chinese civilian. Little can be said about these cases except that they are in every way unfortunate—in the loss of life, the damage to harmonious relations, the ammunition supplied to the Communist propagandists, the strain imposed on our future dealings with these and other Asian nations.

Both cases touch on the thorny "status of forces" problem—the matter of jurisdiction in cases of criminal charges against American personnel—and they do not make its solution any easier. Some American newspapers do not make it any easier, either, with their indignant demands for complete immunity from local jurisdiction for United States forces in foreign lands. Such demands, arrogantly couched, do little to quiet the fears and resentments of the nations involved.

Oddly enough, or perhaps as one might have expected, it is usually those who are most contemptuous of the rights of allied nations who are most surprised by an anti-American outburst. A conservative New York paper, which recently ran a political cartoon using the word "Chinks," has on other occasions denounced "status of forces" agreements in favor of unqualified extraterritoriality, and on still other occasions has wondered vainly why Asians don't like us.

The unpleasant situations in Japan, Taiwan and elsewhere must and can be improved. But we must ignore the cries of the know-nothings, and with Japan, the Nationalist Chinese, and all our other friends in Asia, put our trust in good sense, tact, and mutual forbearance.

CUTBACK OF AMERICAN NEWS CO.

THIS COUNTRY'S business empires have a disconcerting way of suspending major activities unilaterally, regardless of widespread social consequences. Only the other day did the employees of *Collier's* and *Woman's Home Companion* obtain a settlement on severance pay, although those two mass-circulated journals abruptly ceased publication several months ago. And now, as one of the remoter repercussions, the American News Co. has very suddenly decided to stop distributing magazines altogether—an operation over which it once held a monopoly of forty years' standing. The dislocation that will result from the closing down and sale of 250 of its 300 branch offices may be imagined. Also a number of magazines which are largely dependent on newsstand distribution—many in the lurid class would not be missed—have been left quite stranded.

The most profitable sector of the empire will be maintained, including Union News with rail and air terminal restaurants, barber shops, newsstands and bookstores, and American Match Co. with its toys, matches and stationery. Other magazine distributors will carry on for the publications that are financially most successful. Journals not aimed at the mass market will have greater difficulty than ever in getting displayed. Increasingly, publishing becomes more and more of a straight business, and obstacles to the dissemination of ideas in our democracy continue to multiply.

PROSPECT FOR CIVIL RIGHTS

BY MEANS OF the seniority rule, which puts control of key Congressional committees in Southern hands, and shrewd parliamentary maneuvering, the opponents of civil rights legislation have managed to delay consideration of the bill until it is almost too late. And now, unfortunately, they hold all the cards.

Civil rights supporters could force a showdown, but they cannot afford to deal with a filibuster. The legislative calendar is crowded with bills of great urgency, which a filibuster would doom for this session, and the attempt to override a filibuster might not succeed anyway. Even if the backers of the civil rights bill were to meet the Southerners head-on, who would suffer? Negroes in the South, if the bill were killed altogether; the nation, if much-needed legislation were lost for this year; the Northern legislators who would take a dismal record to the polls in 1958. The Congressmen from the one-party South would be hurt least of all.

On the other hand, some sort of civil rights legislation is inevitable in the very near future, and the Southerners know it. They will probably choose to be magnanimous and permit a civil rights bill to be passed this year, while they have the power to amend it into a very watery state. And probably the supporters of the civil rights program will accept the compromise.

This will be a keen disappointment for all those who hoped for a great civil rights achievement in this session of Congress, but at least it will not be a total defeat. Progress can be made an inch at a time, and even half a loaf will be something.

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Ferment in Africa

"THE END OF THIS CENTURY WILL SURELY SEE THE 'QUESTION OF AFRICA' SOLVED"

FINBAR SYNNOTT

I BELIEVE in Kwame Nkrumah . . . who suffered under Sir Charles Arden Clarke. . . Extract from a creed of the Gold Coast People's Convention Party.

Kwame Nkrumah says: *Seek ye first the political kingdom, and all else will follow . . . . organization is everything.*

Sartre says: *To the absurd agitation of the Whites the Black opposes the long authenticity of his suffering. . . . The White scratches the surface of things. It is unaware of the substance of the life within. Negritude is a comprehension through sympathy.*

We are conquerors, omniscient and ..aive.

Jesus came first as a white man. But now He has come as a black man, in the flesh, through Shembe.

I am a Zionist. I drink water and I live.

The African contribution to world culture will be Love.

These are texts representing the thought background, in the confused state in which it exists, of African Nationalism. It is something that does not come from what one African called the "somber white lords of the Kremlin." It is something that is growing out of African feeling and mystique and the history of Africa as the stamping ground of many nations. It is being used by practical, cool-headed politicians.

Apart from the advent of Christianity in the last centuries, and Mohammedanism in the North and East, and the isolated Christian state of Ethiopia which was somehow left out by the Mohammedan conquest in the eighth century, the basic religion of the people has been that which is most common throughout the pagan world, ancestor and hero worship. Africa stayed much unchanged because of its isolation, which again was no doubt largely due to its climate. The absence of outside stimulus and diffusion of culture, which have led to complexity of culture elsewhere and to progress in human thought and skills, left African social life a sort of rhythmic response to surroundings which were largely incomprehensible to man. If you had to try to define in a few words the ethos of African culture, you would say something like this: "It is a way of preserving a balance among living forces, personal and impersonal, friendly and inimical, in which man shares whether he be alive or dead." All paganism, animistic or mechanistic, serves Mana, the life force in the cosmos, using evil where necessary under a sense of constraint.

The key word for describing the culture of paganism in the form in which it is found in Africa is "balancing." It was never assumed that the whole system in which man is involved could be much changed by him, or that he could come to control the forces. He used those that were directly and naturally controllable, like fire and domesticated beasts. He used indirectly those which seemed to respond to propitiation by religion or manipulated by magic. For instance, he propitiated the ancestors who appeared as good and kindly spirits, but also those which seemed to be powerful but evil, and to demand an evil propitiation by force. He did, and does, ritual murder, feeling it is an extreme and horrible thing, but that man in his weakness may be forced to do it, lest others get ahead of him and he and his people suffer danger.

Similarly, in social life violence and self-indulgence were controlled, but only within limits regarded as socially possible. Certain excesses on the dark side were allowed for, under control, so that the balance of living could be brought back. Young men could not be forbidden altogether to kill each other, so there were conventions as to when they might fight. Men could not be expected to be altogether continent, so conventions for extra-matrimonial relations developed, and sanctions were applied for overstepping them. The same applied to ownership laws, balancing personal with communal ownership. The whole aim of the cattle marriage system was, again, to balance social life.

Father Finbar Synnott, O.P., who is stationed in South Africa, has contributed to *Blackfriars* and other English publications.

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Where a child-bearing woman left a clan, it must be restored in strength by cattle, and religious significance attached accordingly.

This balancing process in all social relationships, backed by religion, produced that form of life of which Chesterton said: "It is a dance rather than a race." Life was seen not as a duty of social progress, as to the modern pagan; nor as a trial of moral choice as to the Christian; but as a preservation of equilibrium between persons and groups, good and evil, the living and the dead. At least this was the form of religion and culture embodied in the tribal customs, and as such it was a wholly satisfying thing. It is not so much the dogmas of African paganism that missionaries or humanitarians have to struggle with, as the deep satisfaction of a life with the variations of light and dark, sun and storm, but with a rocklike solidity underneath —giving the same sense of basic security as the earth itself.

We have to keep on reminding ourselves that the colonial administrations only really got going, bringing mines and industries to a few large industrial centers of Africa, and town middle classes and proletariats, and modern thought and agitation, about the beginning of this century. A recent table of statistics shows that outside the Union of South Africa, in the main block of black Africa south of the Sahara, out of a population of a hundred and thirty million or thereabouts, only about five and a half million are working for wages at all, this including farm workers, and out of this number there are only about five hundred thousand who are members of trades unions. A similar table gives the Christians as twenty-seven million, Moslems as thirty-five million and pagans as seventy-five million. Such statistics are only of relative value, since many Christians are lapsed, and many pagans affected by Christianity.

The labor statistics seem to imply that only one in two hundred Africans is under trades union influence, but actually, since probably half of this membership is migrant labor which returns to the Reserves, there is a large diffusion of town ideas outside actual membership in the peasant areas. Conversely, some of the trades unions are not at all orthodox, but more like mutual benefit societies or clubs. But the substantial truth to be brought out is that while there is a vague dispersion of Christianity, and book education, and the ideas inherent in industrial organization, by far the greater number of Africans are still mentally and socially formed by the ancient tribal life and its social and religious culture.

ON THE OTHER hand, there is every reason to think that there are practically no Africans left in the whole continent who have not got perfectly clearly this one essential part of their political theory: that the Europeans have come in and taken over their lands. For instance, in their immediate backgrounds the Mau Mau are agrarian revolters, quite uneducated, but obsessed by the fact that the Europeans have occupied the pleasant and profitable highlands of Kenya, at rates varying from three hundred thousand acres per man, in the case of one privileged early settler, to the present system of parceling out land to European settlers at an average of about a thousand acres each. The force of their political problems made them found the elementary Free Schools about which so much has been said. But the situation in which African Nationalism passed to extremes in Kenya was not one of modern political agitation, but more like the agrarian revolt of the Middle Ages, in this case embittered by racial differences.

If you read a writer like George Padmore, highly politically educated, who was joint secretary with Nkrumah of the last Pan-African Congress, who lectured on politics in India and joined the Communists, but broke with them because he found they were only using the black man for their own Russian foreign policy purposes, you get the impression that African Nationalism is a tough, well-informed, capably guided political freedom program. To a certain extent Nkrumah himself in the Gold Coast has given substance to this. But quite apart from any constitutional changes likely to be brought about in the political sphere, there is an "Africanism" developing which is soon to make Africa something culturally different, and to present serious adaptation problems to the Church. One African writer has said that what the Europeans have brought to this continent so far is not Christendom but Europeandom. There is some justice in the reproach.

Africa was living under the paganism I have described south of the Sahara, and largely under Mohammedanism north of it, when the slave trade was abolished in 1807, and then internal slavery in the various regions shortly after. Liberia and Sierra Leone were founded, by the Americans and British, as African homes for freed slaves. Both remained virtually colonies. In the second half of the nineteenth century effective colonization of the whole of Africa began. This led to various revolts, wars, settlements, sharing out of very limited political rights in the colonies, use of indigenous African chiefs and authorities to assist in administration. Meanwhile, the missionaries brought Christianity and modern education.

In 1895 in America Booker Washington was trying to get better things for the Negroes by offering to accept complete social segregation between black and white, but simultaneously asking for educational and industrial opportunity. An American colored man, DuBois, challenged the extraordinary authority Booker

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Washington had gained as a spokesman for the Negroes, by demanding political equality. DuBois was a philosopher, and his reasoned and moderate propaganda fed the British and American humanitarian movements to assist colored and colonial peoples for more than half a century. After the First World War he gave impetus to the idea of Pan-Africanism, a link-up of all the Negro peoples throughout the world, to work and agitate constitutionally for equal human rights, and for the abolition of foreign control in colonies. Africa became linked up with Negroes in the United States and the West Indies, even with the peoples of India, China and the Pacific as fellow-sufferers under European dominance, with labor and Radical parties in Europe, guardedly with international Communism, etc. . .

THEN ACROSS the path of this orthodox socialism-cum-freedom movement shot the figure of Marcus Aurelius Garvey, a West Indian Negro who came into the United States at the end of the First World War, and started Black Zionism. He would have nothing to do with socialism, nor with steady progress and assimilation with Europeans. He attacked DuBois as a half-caste, declared for the purity of the great African race, called himself Emperor of Africa, appointed a Patriarch of African Christianity, and called upon all black men, in the name of their genius and ancestry, to rise and follow him. He obtained an immense following in the U.S.A., computed at various figures between three and six millions, bought ships and started to try to enter Africa via Liberia to make good his claims. He quarreled with the existing Liberian Government, crashed financially, and Garveyism, proscribed by the colonial governments and discredited in America, seemed to die. The Communists tried to pick up the leavings and use the influence of Garvey's personality and meteoric career, but failed. A proposal of theirs to form a Black State within America discredited them. But Garvey had profoundly stirred the black man throughout the world.

From the 1930's the African National movements and Negro movements, where led by educated men, as in America and South Africa, and such as Nkrumah in the Gold Coast, Azikiwe in Nigeria, Kenyatta in Kenya, have taken their line more from the Indian Congress pattern, i.e., national fronts rather than doctrinaire socialist movements, working by agitation and passive resistance. French territories were for a long time the exception, since deputies from them were allowed to sit in the French Assembly, and began to divide more on the lines of French Metropolitan parties. But as French Colonial Africans have come to see what a very small representation France proposes to allow them, the African National and Congress movement is developing in French territories also. The African National Congress in South Africa is linked up with all the outside movements. It has splintered and reformed bewilderingly on the question of co-operation with Communists, and of cooperation with Indians and coloreds or alternatively the following of a purified African National policy.

In the head-splitting confusion of all the present phenomena of African Nationalism we must distinguish between its elements: In the North particularly, and seeping down through the Sudan and East Africa, there is the Mohammedan Nationalist movement, parallel with the Arab Mohammedan League. It has a particular appeal to Africa since its ritual is not so far removed from African tribal ritual, and it permits polygamy.

There is the progressive democratic movement represented by the educated leaders of the Congresses, linked up under the heading of Pan-Africanism. Their purpose is to get rid of colonial overlordship and to develop Western democratic institutions, with an African flavor and consciousness.

There is the Tribalist movement, supported by many Chiefs, as a way of maintaining their position while giving an outlet for the spirit of independence. It has split Nigeria, in the moment of its coming of age, so that orthodox Pan-Africanism has become apparently identified with the largest tribe, the Ibo, and is resisted by the Mohammedans in the North and Yoruba in the West. Similarly the encouragement of tribalism has split South African Africans, not only making chiefs opt for cooperation with the Government against the Congress and Liberal movements, but even giving rise to Bantu Nationalist Parties paralleled with the European Nationalist party. African paganism adds pressure here.

There is Communism, in the mantle of Black Nationalism, trying to use all these movements.

And there is Black Zionism. This is the movement of the Prophets, independent of informed political leadership, or of chiefs, or of European Christian bodies, or Mohammedanism, with a happy borrowing of ideas from all, but chiefly from the eschatological parts of the New Testament, the Old Testament Prophecies and the Old Testament ritual, and mixing all

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freely with African divination, African ecstatic dancing, and that strong, rhythmic, earthy living of Africa that I attempted to describe above. That this movement is basically influenced by Nationalism and varies according to political crises can be seen. It has been noted that the three great waves of it in French and Belgian Africa coincided with three great economic depressions. It has immensely increased in South Africa during the recent growth of political conflict and crisis.

ANYBODY'S GUESS is as good as another's as to what is likely to happen politically in Africa, with or without another World War between Russia and the West. But in this revolutionary period in Africa I think the principal force that Christianity will have to adapt itself to culturally is Black Zionism. The African consciousness was profoundly stirred by Garvey, who is admired as a figure and an inspirer even by those trained African politicians who warred against his movement. Nkrumah was suddenly put into power in the Gold Coast by a similar movement, the half mystical "I believe in Nkrumah" movement, which he turned into a political channel. Black Prophets have arisen everywhere in the Zionist style, such as the leaders of the Kimbanguist movement in the Belgian Congo and the semi-religious leadership of the Mau Mau, to mention only two examples.

The vast majority of Africans are only slightly touched by Christianity. Still very close to paganism, they find studied politics unintelligible, vary between hope and despair, energy and laziness, in any constructive modern development. But here is something the simplest can get hold of, that relieves the sense of inferiority, restores the ancient African custom that not one man but every man must speak and have "dignity" in meetings, can incorporate many elements of heathenism and yet give a sense of salvation from sin, above all appeals to the imaginative flame in the African temperament "conquerors, omniscient and naive." Garvey and Father Divine across the Atlantic showed this peculiar influence of creative imagination, and showed too how little backing of reality it needs to live on. The austerity of many Zionist bodies, similar to Yoga, and willingness to suffer death for the cause, show the grip of the movement. As to general political backing, it can be judged by the carefully worded resolution of the Fifth Pan-African Congress, which said "organized" Christianity is identified with the "political and economic exploitation of African people by alien powers." The inference is a strong preference on the part of the leading politicians for the unorganized form, i.e., Zionism.

Zionism is capable of alliance without much difficulty with paganism as with Mohammedan Mahdism, or of making a fusion point for both. At the moment Mohammedanism, with Russia behind it, seems to be the strongest force in Africa. But both because there is the ethnical distinction between the Northern and Southern peoples, and because Russia as a power has become so suspect to many African leaders who are quite capable of weighing all the pressures in the Near East, and also because of the link-up with the U.S.A. and West Indian Negroism ("the Negro's fundamental loyalty is to himself" writes Richard Wright)—for all these reasons there will be strong resistance to Mohammedanism in the southern half of Africa, an attempt to produce an indigenous mystique. Zionism is the indicator of this.

THERE CAN BE no doubt that Africa is coming of age rapidly. The end of this century will surely see the "question of Africa" solved. But the exact nature of the solution can hardly be predicted.

Because of African history, and because of African temperament, and because of the conditions of Western life and lack of education described above, a period of some sort of exaggerated religious nationalism, or national religionism, is to be expected as the continent moves toward autonomy. Zionism is not really Christianity. On the other hand, it has characteristics that much of our Western Christianity lacks: fire and austerity and eschatological faith, the communal sense of a movement whose "church" is the river or dam where baptizing takes place, or the group marching or lorry-riding all night under the moon, singing, rejoicing in the company. In this latter, as in some of the physical austerity, there is a compensatory earthiness, a sense of elation and well-being, which ministers to spiritual pride and is really dangerous, just as the relics of heathenism in Zionism are dangerous. But there is a social awareness in it, and a sense of relationship with earth—"I drink water and I live"—and of natural rhythm, which is certainly going to produce something new spiritually and culturally. There is a real element of truth in the claim: "Negritude is a comprehension through sympathy . . . . it is aware of the substance of life within. . . ."

It is as necessary to be ready to learn from Africa as it is to learn from the Indian or Far Eastern cultures in order to restore the spirit of quiet and contemplation, austerity, communal sense and sense of contact with living in its primary things, to our Western culture and our way of integrating faith into life. It is true that Africa is passing beyond the stage of being guided by the West. But there is still hope of getting in on the ground floor of something great by giving the people Catholicism, which can absorb all good elements in life and correct all that is wayward from within, and which offers the Word that He may become Flesh of every people.

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A PERSONAL REPORT

Return Engagement

JOHN COGLEY

IN SEPTEMBER, 1954, while I was still executive editor of The Commonweal, I was commissioned by the Fund for the Republic to prepare a report on "blacklisting in the entertainment industry." My only instructions were to report the truth, whatever it was. Otherwise I was given a free hand. It was understood that no one connected with the Fund's staff or Board of Directors would attempt in any way to influence the findings. The Fund scrupulously honored this agreement.

I chose a staff of ten reporters, and during the following months we interviewed almost five hundred persons who had knowledge of the problem. The investigation led us across the country—to the fabled studios of Hollywood and sleek executive suites on Madison Avenue, to the telephone-booth offices of small-time theatrical agents and dazzling quarters of a Sunset Blvd. lawyer. A mass of documentation was supplied by persons in the entertainment world—old clippings, personal letters, business correspondence, the minutes of union meetings, diaries, etc. Actors, writers, directors, agents, executives and even television sponsors cooperated generously, if somewhat timorously, because they were eager to see a spotlight thrown on what most of them regarded as a scandalous situation.

The storm broke soon after the report was released last summer. *Report on Blacklisting* was both enthusiastically applauded and roundly denounced. I expected such a reaction. After all, the report dealt with a particularly murky footnote to the history of the Frantic Fifties; it raised some thorny, unsolved problems of American democracy; several powerful publicists were personally involved, as were a number of propaganda organizations. The issues it presented were still very live. Controversy over them still sizzled.

I expected to be skinned alive in some quarters, and I was not disappointed. But the press treatment on the whole was eminently fair and commendable. As Frank K. Kelly wrote later in *Nieman Reports*: "The news agencies carried careful summaries of the main points. Many editorial writers commented thoughtfully on the issues. . . ."

Mr. Cogley was one of the editors of The Commonweal from October 1949 until December 1954 and now contributes a regular weekly column to this magazine.

I had prepared myself for criticism. I was ready for the inevitable outbursts of indignation and denial that came from those who had been managing the semi-secret blacklisting operation over a period of years. But I must say I was not prepared for a committee of Congress to move in and strengthen the hand of the report's critics. Yet that is just what happened.

Three days after the report was released I was abruptly subpoenaed by the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Various explanations were offered. Rep. Francis E. Walter, chairman of the committee, who admitted he had not read the report, told a curious reporter he wanted to know what my "true purposes" were. At other times the hearing was described as part of a piece-meal investigation of the Fund for the Republic. Richard Arens, committee counsel, assured me when I phoned him that the committee merely wanted to ask some questions about my report and would do so privately. (The subpoena I received stated that the hearing would be held in executive session. But when I got to Washington I discovered that the hearing was eminently public. Later I was grateful that the committee made this last-minute switch.)

I was grilled for hours, not on my personal life, activities or affiliations but on what I had written. It was a kind of Author Meets the Critics performance, but in this case the critics were operating with the authority of the U.S. Congress—and the author was not permitted to speak until he was spoken to and then usually to answer loaded questions.

When the ordeal was finished, I asked again why I had been called. Mr. Walter responded: "We called you for the purpose of ascertaining what your sources were in order to determine whether or not your conclusions were the conclusions we would have reached had we embarked on this sort of project."

Mr. Walter was candid enough about the purpose of the hearing—a candor that prompted the Des Moines *Register* to say later that "the purpose of Cogley's appearance seemed to be to force him to explain why he did or didn't say certain things the committee thought should or shouldn't have been said."

Richard Arens, staff director of the committee, apparently kept the chairman's purpose uppermost in his mind throughout the enquiry. While I was on the

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stand, he used all his inquisitorial skill to get me to change the meaning of words—and of reality, for that matter—so that certain inescapable facts could be shaped into the conclusions Mr. Walter would have reached.

The hearing was described this way by Patrick O'Donovan, a British newsman who attended for the London *Observer*:

"Four representatives sat at a long, high desk at the end of a vast white room . . . . The witnesses were alternately bullied or coddled depending on whether they approved or disapproved of the [report]. There was just one lone counsel doing the cross-examining. With friendly witnesses [from the American Legion, AWARE, Inc., the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals, etc.] he never pressed an awkward point, followed up an inconsistency or interrupted their bursts of turgid rhetoric or protestations of loyalty. With the others he was harsh, contemptuous and rude.

"As an investigation it was as valuable as a political manifesto. The place was a travesty of a court. At the risk of appearing John Bullish, I must say that such a quasi-legal chamber would not be tolerated for a day in a civilized European state."

That was how a foreign observer saw it. My own reactions, I am afraid, were much less cerebral. As Mr. Arens pressed on in his best Torquemada style, I began to feel like a man who had been charged with uttering some unspeakable heresy, offensive to decent men everywhere, and in the back of my head lurked the thought that it was perfectly proper that he should be demanding that I recant. I knew I had done nothing shameful. I knew the report I had written was truthful. Still, imperceptibly, I began to feel this mindless guilt. With a little more time, Mr. Arens might have succeeded in turning that irrational feeling into a conscious resolution. I think now that we were actually toying with brainwashing in that big white room last summer.

The Boston *Herald* reported later that "Arens took quotes far out of context and threw them at Mr. Cogley, most of which Mr. Cogley fielded rather skillfully." I was pleased to read that, because as the hearing went on I had felt myself slipping from time to time. When an inquisitor pounds as steadily and righteously as Arens did, you can't escape the thought that what he is getting at *should* be true; he must control all of reality as masterfully as he controls your ordeal. You begin to entertain the feeling that it is only wanton stubbornness to hold out against his claim.

I have read about the thought-police trials in Red China and elsewhere in the Communist world. I know that they are infinitely more terrible than anything that went on in that hearing room. But I also think I have a better idea now of what they must be like.

INDIVIDUAL Congressmen on the committee were courteous and even kindly. I found myself being absurdly grateful for even the simplest decencies. But I knew there was nothing I could do or say that would satisfy either the chairman or his counsel except to cry out that reality was not what I knew it to be but what they wanted it to be.

As Mr. Arens hammered, I had to keep reminding myself: "This is the United States and you are accused of nothing more heinous than writing a book. This man is grilling you and these other men are sitting there like Puritan judges because you wrote a book they don't like and reached conclusions their chairman would not have reached. That is all there is to this 'trial.' "

Even I could not believe that things went as far as they did until I sat down one day weeks later and read the whole testimony carefully. One example will suffice to illustrate:

Mr. Godfrey Schmidt, president of AWARE, Inc., was testifying. He was reading from *Report on Blacklisting* and quoted:

"Blacklisting, according to W.Z. *** is really an attack on New Deal values. . . ."

He skipped over a few paragraphs and continued reading. Mr. Walter then asked: "Isn't that close to the Communist line?" And Mr. Schmidt, the report open before him, answered: "As I understand the Communist line, it *is* the Communist line."

Now Mr. Schmidt had suppressed two key statements. What he actually read with his eyes was this: "Blacklisting, according to W.Z., *a Communist sympathizer,* is really an attack on New Deal values." For reasons of his own the president of AWARE, Inc. chose to pass over the fact that the quote was candidly attributed in my report to a "Communist sympathizer." Later, when he agreed with Mr. Walter's observation that it was not only close to but actually *was* the Communist Party line, he did not find it in his heart to mention that on the very page he was reading from it had clearly been identified as such: "His (W.Z.'s) views, as might be expected, are a faithful recording of the official Communist Party line on blacklisting."

I do not think it is only a personal involvement that leads me to say that a proceeding like this is close to an Iron Curtain "trial." In that whole room there was not one person to cry out: "Yes, Mr. Walter, it is the Communist Party line, but Cogley identifies it as such right on the page Mr. Schmidt is reading from." Newsmen could hardly have been blamed if they went back to their offices and wrote that it was brought out in the hearings that the *Report on Blacklisting* shamelessly echoed the Party line.

This was only one example of the lengths the "heresy trial" went to last summer. Another year has passed, summer is here again, and I have received a new

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subpoena. I have been ordered to appear before the same committee on June 5, and to bring with me all the documents gathered during the investigation and staff reports on all the interviews held.

After I received this subpoena I wrote the following letter to the Chairman and sent copies to the other members of the Committee.

Dear Congressman Walter:

When I appeared before your committee on July 10, 1956, Mr. Arens, committee counsel, asked me about certain sources for material found in my *Report on Blacklisting.* The following exchange took place:

Mr. Cogley: "It is always difficult for a reporter to name sources that he has promised should remain confidential. I would like to know the feeling of this committee as to whether I am expected to name sources of this kind. . . ."

Mr. Moulder: "I think the witness is entitled to know the feeling of this committee on that."

Mr. Doyle: "I wish to say that I do not think he ought to be required to reveal his confidential sources. . . ."

Mr. Frazier: "I do not believe he should be required to reveal confidential information."

Mr. Willis: "I fully concur in that position."

Mr. Jackson: "I am inclined to agree. . . ."

Mr. Doyle: ". . . As I take this hearing, there is no inference even that this witness is subversive."

Mr. Willis: "Of course not."

Mr. Doyle: ". . . This is an investigation into subversive activities and unless there is a showing along that line, I think it is a violation of freedom of authors and of the press to go to this extent, in my judgment."

Mr. Moulder: ". . . I concur with Mr. Doyle in this respect."

It seemed to me at the time that the Congressmen were upholding an American tradition according to which writers and journalists, as well as scholars, are not subject to harassment, are free to keep their sources confidential and in a very real sense enjoy the liberties guaranteed by the First Amendment.

Later editorial comment on the hearing strengthened my belief that this was not an isolated view. Let me quote a few examples:

The Boston *Herald* stated that the hearing was "an attempt at intimidation of a man for something he had written." This editorial was called "Congressional Bullying."

The Denver *Post* in an editorial called "Here They Go Again" said that "probing a foundation's study is a dubious Congressional activity comparable to encroachment on academic freedom."

The Washington *Post* in an editorial called "Intimidation by Inquiry" said: "The Constitution expressly forbids Congress to make any law abridging the freedom of the press; and implicitly it forbids Congress to abridge freedom of the press by calling an author to account for what he has written. Freedom of the press would be seriously abridged if writers stood in fear of being haled before a Congressional committee whenever they expressed opinions on controversial issues. . . . Moreover the Un-American Activities Committee has no business trying to make a writer reveal names which he has undertaken to keep in confidence. Freedom of the press would be seriously abridged if committees of Congress ignored the obligation of reporters to maintain the confidentiality of sources of information."

The Des Moines *Register,* in an editorial called "Intimidation of a Writer," stated that the hearing bordered on intimidation—"intimidation of the sort that can be a threat to free scholarship and a free press. No researcher, writer or scholar can work freely with the threat of a subpoena hanging over his head. In a free society, these men answer to their fellow professionals and to the public —not to their government."

The New York *Times* said that the hearing raised the "strongest suspicions that here was an obvious effort to harass a writer for what he had written" and suggested that the First Amendment may have been violated.

The Providence *Bulletin* said the hearing raised questions about an infringement on the rights of a free press.

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* asked: "What if Congress had the right to summon any author with whom it disagreed, or if writers generally lived in fear of being ordered before a committee for expressing their opinions? Free expression could not endure in such a climate of intimidation."

Other newspapers editorialized along similar lines.

Now . . . you have subpoenaed me again and ordered me to turn over to you the very source material—reports of interviews,

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correspondence, etc.—which the committee agreed last year I should not be required to reveal.

I am not a lawyer. I have not consulted a lawyer. I do not intend to. I do not believe that an American citizen who is charged with nothing should have need of legal protection against his own Government. I will speak simply and in the language of a layman.

I have searched my conscience as to what I should do. In preparing the *Report,* I gathered material from hundreds of sources. I did this as a free journalist living in a free country. When members of my staff interviewed people or wrote to them—and hundreds were consulted—it was with the understanding on both sides that we were free journalists writing in a free country. No one we interviewed or corresponded with had any idea that what he said or wrote would be turned over to a Governmental body. Were I to supply you with the material you demand, I would feel that I had betrayed these people. Moreover, I would feel that I had betrayed my profession, the tradition of free journalism. It is no exaggeration to say I would feel that I had betrayed the very spirit of American democracy—the spirit of free enquiry and free expression.

I do not believe you want to investigate me personally. I have never belonged to any group that might be deemed subversive, even by the most elastic standards of the day. There is nothing in my record, nothing whatsoever, to justify suspicion. However, I will report to your committee and answer any questions your committee may want to ask about my life, my actions or my affiliations. I will do so willingly.

But I will answer no more questions about anything I have written and published. I will not supply you with the documents you demand. In stating this, I know that I may be asking for a great deal of trouble. There may be a high price to pay. Please God, I will be ready to pay it.

AT THIS writing I am waiting for the ordeal of last summer to be resumed. I do not look for fairness, understanding or objectivity, as I naively did a year ago. I expect the worst. I am prepared for the unknown. My "crime" is still the same: I wrote a book the Chairman does not like. I reached conclusions he would not have reached. Other critics of the report may feel the same way, but they do not have his authority and the power of subpoena. I am at his mercy.

In the darkness of the night, I ask myself: How long can this go on? How long am I to be badgered and harassed and pressured? Will they keep after me and never give up until finally one day I will cry out that I am indeed guilty and should have come to the conclusions Mr. Walter would have reached?

The question seems wild and improbable; it becomes the night. But so does this whole experience.

ODE III.ii : HORACE

Let the boy, timber-tough from vigorous soldiering,
learn to endure lack amicably,
and let him, horseman feared for his javelin,
plague the ferocious men of Parthos;

let him live his life lower than heaven
in the midst of restless things. Seeing him
from enemy ramparts, may the warring tyrant's wife
and the young ripe woman breathe, "Ah,

let not our kingly lover, clumsy
in the swirl of combat, stroke the lion
rough to the touch, whom fury for blood
thrusts through the thick of the slaughter!"

Sweet it is, and seemly, to die for country.
Death overtakes the runaway as well,
and does not spare the coward backs
and knees of youths who are not warlike.

Manliness, not knowing the taint of defeat,
flashes forth with unsullied glory,
neither lifts nor lowers the axes
at a whisper from the scatterbrained mob.

Manliness, that throws open heaven to those
undeserving of death, plots its course
by a route denied to most, and on pinion
soaring scorns the common crowd, the damp earth.

There is, for faithful silence, too,
sure reward. I will forbid the man who spreads abroad
occult Ceres' sacred rites
to exist beneath a roof or to unmoor a frail craft

with me. Often slighted Jupiter
involves the unpolluted with the impure;
rarely does Poena not catch the wicked man,
though he has the head start, and her step is hesitant.

JOHN UPDIKE.

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Mum and Mobility

MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

THE OLD-STYLE English village was, and often still is, a real community. Everyone knew everyone else. If you drew lines on a map, joining the houses whose people were related by marriage or birth, you ended with a cat's cradle criss-crossing the whole of the parish and tying up almost every home. When industrialization came along, and people began to move towards the towns, it was a real wrench to leave a community of this kind. Given a generation or so to settle down, the industrial migrants proceeded to rebuild, in the working class districts of the growing nineteenth century towns, new communities in many ways as like the old villages as the absence of grass and air would allow.

The center of life in these back-street communities was and is, in British parlance, Mum. Mum looked after you as you grew up, while she herself changed as the years went by from slim youth into the true, round, comfortable dignity of Mumhood. Suppose you were a girl. You married, you had babies. Mum came shopping with you and looked after the house and the kids in emergencies. She told you to forget about the Welfare Clinic and its new-fangled ways—when it came to babies, experience was best, by her reckoning; and weren't you there yourself, alive and flourishing and reproductive, to prove that Mum really did know best? You kept the neighbors strictly on the outside of the front door. But Mum was in and out of your house all day, and you in and out of hers.

A man, too, would keep up with his Mum after marriage, but rather less so. In a society where Mums are central, a Mum's Mum naturally counts for more than the Mum of a mere Dad. Dad's job, till recently, was not too certain, and his hours often irregular and long. He was not too secure, and often away.

Mum was the round, reassuring center of life. Around her were grouped her brothers and sisters, sons and daughters, and in-laws. The family—the "extended" family—was real. The rest of the community was remoter, more incidental, its members perceived not in their own right but as Mum's old school friend or Uncle Jim's mate on the job.

But in the last twenty or thirty years Mums have fallen on evil days. Some sons and daughters—more and more as time goes on and the educational ladder gets broader—have been moving up the social scale. Others have simply moved out; out from the slums to the big municipal estates on the outskirts. Up or out, the result in terms of living conditions is the same. Instead of the slum yard there is a trim garden, Dad's pride and joy, with a neat lawn, flowers, and fresh air. Instead of a couple of rooms with the in-laws, or a battered, tumble-down row house of 1870, there is a smart, well-designed, soundly built home of 1957. And instead of seeing Mum three times a day you see her once every three months. For instead of being two houses up the street she is now anything from five to five hundred miles away.

Of course, Mum does not drop out of the picture entirely. You still visit her, and she visits you, more or less regularly. She may still come out for an emergency. But she is no longer there just round the corner. And, as a survey of East London just published brings out, her sons and daughters miss her a lot, and she misses them, too. Not just for their company, but also because, if she helps them, they also help her. In the Mum-culture a Mum has high status, a big role, and security against the day when she, too, may have to take to her bed. The geriatric experts are beginning to say quite a lot about this, and they will say more, now that the proportion of old people in the population is beginning to go up fast.

GIVEN the choice, it is certain that most Mums and their descendants would prefer to stick together. And that is just where the community planner's dilemma begins. Ought he to give them the choice? It is not so sure that he should.

First of all, to preserve the Mum-culture in all its glory means keeping people together in their present districts, which in turn means that even more of the new housing going up in the big cities will have to go into apartments. In Britain it still takes a lot to convince us that apartments are good for family life. Secondly, the banishment of Mum is not all loss. Surveys show that couples who move to a new district and break the Mum-strings have on the whole more friends outside the family; belong to more societies; have friendlier relations with their neighbors; are more open to new ideas; have higher aspirations for themselves and their children; and above all behave more

Mr. Fogarty, long associated with the Catholic Social Guild, is The Commonweal's regular correspondent in Britain.

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as a family themselves. Father is more likely to be found in the house and less in the pubs. He is more likely to help with the washing-up, to go for a walk with his wife and the children, to take an intelligent interest in the children's upbringing.

Also, the Mum-culture depends on immobility; on people being born, brought up, marrying and dying in the same place. That has been the pattern for many sections of the British working class, but has long ceased to be the pattern for the middle class. The middle class find a looser, more mobile pattern satisfying. Few would want to go back to the narrow traditional circle of the village. Now that workers also have the income and opportunity to follow the middle-class way of life, I doubt whether anything will stop them. Britons are not quite as nomadic as Americans, but very nearly, and becoming more so all the time.

But could we not have the best of both worlds—Mum, mobility, and better housing and more unity in the family too? I think the answer is "yes," but on three, perhaps four, conditions.

FIRST, BRITISH housing authorities often behave as if the "extended" family, and in particular Mum, did not exist. Now that the worst of the housing shortage is over, it ought to be possible to help family groups, Mums and their descendants, to move to new neighborhoods all together if they so wish.

Secondly, out on the new estates, it is beginning to dawn on many British families, including wage-earners, that in the suburbs a car and telephone are necessities. With a car and a phone you can visit Mum, or arrange for her to visit you, or you can just talk to her —as well as do a lot of other things, too. I wish I could say, though, that this need for phones and cars was as obvious to British housing authorities as it is coming to be to the tenants who live in their houses. The chairman of one municipal housing committee was asked the other day how his committee worked their plan for relating rents to ability to pay. "Well," he said, "the Town Clerk and I go round the estate, and if we see people with cars and suchlike we put up the rent." Municipal houses are still normally built without garages. The government (Labor or Conservatives, it makes no difference) shares this view that cars are a luxury. If you spend sixteen or seventeen hundred dollars on a new car in Britain, the government takes half. If you buy a gallon of gas, it costs you seventy cents, and the government takes rather more than half.

Thirdly, we need to prepare families for their new environment. For many couples the price of better housing, emancipation from grandma, and the other gains from moving out of the slums and the Mum-culture has been a disastrous fall in the number and quality of their human contacts. No doubt there are more and friendlier relations with neighbors, more readiness to join societies, and so on. But this increase in contacts with non-relatives—good as it is—is often far overbalanced by the loss of contacts with Mum and the other relatives. There has been little organized effort to teach families how to let down their roots quickly in a new society and form a new circle of friends proportionate to what they have lost. The English middle class in its colonial days had, and I think still has, an excellent way of dealing with situations of this kind. When they arrived at a new station, they knew just what to do and where to make their contacts. But we have not yet worked out a comparable method for use at home.

Perhaps I should add a fourth condition. If Mum is to come along when her married sons and daughters move out, we need to give both her and them a better understanding of their mutual relations than they have had in the Mum-culture. I do not think that anyone will accuse us Catholics of underestimating mothers. But in our picture of the family there is a head as well as a heart, and the head is the father. And, as between mothers, there are distinctions to be made. A Scottish proverb goes: "Daughter was I in my mother's house, but mistress in my own." Mistress, not to the exclusion of Mum, but in the sense that married couples have an independent responsibility that they cannot share even with Mum. Their first duty is to build their relationship to one another and to their children. When a man leaves his father and mother it is to his wife that Scripture tells him to cleave, not his mother-in-law. And each married couple needs to become the center of a new circle of its own, radiating out beyond the brothers, sisters, uncles and aunts who focus around Mum. Ideas are moving this way even in such traditional centers of the Mum-culture as East London. But they need to be pushed along still faster.

It is on these last two points, the need of better preparation for family mobility and of a better understanding of family relationships, that we in Britain have, I think, most to learn from America. For of all the organizations I have ever looked at there are none that have a better technique for giving just the sort of training that is needed here than Cana and the Christian Family Movement.

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THE SCREEN

SMALL FAVORS

MOVIEGOERS anxious to see some new product in the theaters might be thankful this week for small favors. None of the three new comedies turning up on our screens is a world-beater, but each has a little something to offer. The makers of "Desk Set" could have made a brighter movie if they had speeded it up. William Marchant's stage play, about the excitement caused in a broadcasting company's research department when an engineer comes to install an electric brain, was pretty thin in the first place; and when scriptwriters Phoebe and Henry Ephron padded it to make a hundred and three-minute movie, they were overgenerous. The padding shows. Spencer Tracy and Katherine Hepburn struggle manfully with the lead roles, but their struggling is obvious; and Director Walter Lang might have covered up the lack of depth by making the whole thing move faster.

"Desk Set" does, however, have its amusing moments and situations. The concern in the research department, when Tracy, as the methods engineer (efficiency experts are now out-of-date), starts measuring the office without explaining what he has in mind, is typical of what goes on in many a business place when the workers are worried about their security. And Hepburn is properly big-hearted and bright as the head of the department who really cares what happens to her assistants. These girls are played with delightful abandon by Joan Blondell, Dina Merrill and Sue Randall, all of whom look fresh, speak glibly and fret about their jobs. The plot tries to warm up an indifferent romance between overanxious Katie and a rising young executive (Gig Young) but this doesn't get very far. Whenever the plot gets too slow, "Desk Set" livens things up with some office local color—like the Christmas party or the day on which everyone in the entire company is fired due to an error made by the electric machine in the payroll department. The comedy gets really slapstick after Emmarac, the electric brain, is finally installed and slips in and out of action. But Tracy and Hepburn help "Desk Set" win laughs and so do the amusing wisecracks.

IT IS INEVITABLE that "Joe Butterfly" will be compared with "The Teahouse of the August Moon," since both films deal with the humorous side of the American Army of Occupation in Oriental lands. While "Teahouse" had more charm and overall wisdom, "Joe Butterfly" is much funnier. It is an unpretentious little picture that knows a good joke when it tells one, and Burgess Meredith is delightful in the title role (a role similar to that of Brando's Sakini in "Teahouse"). Joe is a Japanese who spent ten years in the United States (obviously working for undesirable characters) and he knows all the ropes, so he's just the boy to help the staff of *Yank* magazine find comfortable quarters where they can get out their first Tokyo edition to welcome the troops entering the city. The *Yank* staff are played with Rover Boy dash by George Nader as the Tokyo editor, Charles McGraw and John Agar as reporters, Frank Chase as artist, and Audie Murphy as a photographer who's a genius with the camera and a genius for getting into trouble. Under Jesse Hibbs' good direction Murphy exhibits quite a flair for casual comedy; and although the picture doesn't have much in the way of plot, it does have funny dialogue and situations involving Army Brass (Fred Clark, Herbert Anderson), the Tokyo representative of a top American weekly (Keenan Wynn), many Japanese, including the family whose attractive house the *Yank* staff use as living and working quarters, and the shenanigans of Joe Butterfly, whose devotion to the *Yank* boys is second only to his interest in his compatriots and the black market.

OLDSTERS over forty will find "Tammy and the Bachelor" reminiscent of the wholesome and Pollyannaish comedies in which Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark used to appear in the early days of movies. Other than that, they will see little to interest them in this picture that exudes sweetness and light. Debbie Reynolds plays a backwoods girl who lives with her grandfather (Walter Brennan) on a shanty-boat in Mississippi's bayous. She nurses a young man (Leslie Nielsen) back to life after his plane crashes; and later when Grandpa is thrown into jail by revenue agents, she finds it perfectly proper to move in with the young man and his family on their once-elegant-though-now-run-down plantation. In no time, Tammy (Debbie) sizes up this family-in-decline (Fay Wray, Sidney Blackmer as Leslie's parents, Mildred Natwick

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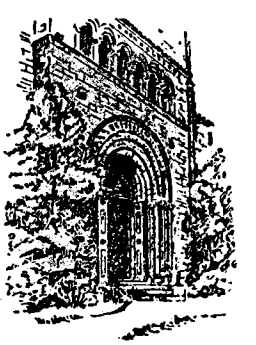

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as his wacky aunt) and starts leading them on the road to happiness. What with Ross Hunter's fanciful Technicolor and CinemaScope production, and Debbie's appearing in the bayou in a series of unexplained and expensively simple frocks, "Tammy and the Bachelor" makes Mississippi look like the background for a stenographer's pipe dream. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

SOUTHERN SCHOOL

New Orleans, La.

TO the Editors: May I express my gratitude and appreciation to your staff for the clear, constant, and timely editorials on the segregation issue . . . ?

However, I am writing mainly to thank you for printing an appeal for funds for the St. Raymond School in New Orleans. I truly wish that your readers could know more of the terrific challenge which faces this exceptionally zealous priest, Father John McShane. Father McShane has fought for, and taught by precept and example, the practical applications of the Doctrine of the Mystical Body. Total integration is the ultimate aim, a Catholic education the means.

During Holy Week, I was privileged to attend the services at the school and church erected by Father McShane in Houma, La. How inspiring it was to attend the Easter Liturgy Ceremonies at St. Lucy's—to see the beautiful church, to hear the well trained choir, to walk to the communion rail with the approximately three hundred parishioners, as we went joyfully to receive Him Who had died and then risen for us all. A wave of gratitude and complete joy engulfed me. So hard to believe that just ten years before, the three remaining Negro Catholics in this area had just about given up hope of ever having a place to worship in dignity and freedom. Years of neglect and discouraging events had caused Negro Catholics to believe that there was truly no place for them. Segregation, ignorance, and poverty had taken and was taking a heavy toll. Today, joy and the only true Peace were so very visible.

How blessed I am to be able to witness what the Lord has done through the work of one of His priests. Now this priest has an even greater challenge—so much has transpired in the social pattern since 1946. Surely if more of your readers could see, feel, and live the situation here in the deep South in this, the year of Our Lord 1957, they would feel compelled to help.

Why do I feel compelled to write to you? Because I am a Catholic, a Negro, a laywoman, and a teacher. I have been principal and teacher in a parochial school here in New Orleans with an all-lay faculty for the past two years. Daily I see the effects of the years of prejudice, ignorance, and poverty. Is it any wonder that I rejoice when I see what I saw on Easter Sunday—the effects of just ten years of the teaching of Truth?

LORETTA BUTLER.

BOOKS

Study of a Significant Shift in Society's Heroes

THE UNHEROIC HERO: The Novels of Stendhal, Balzac and Flaubert. By Raymond Giraud. Rutgers University Press. $5.

By MARTIN TURNELL

ALTHOUGH it is still common practice to speak of the principal character in a novel or a play as "the hero," it must be confessed that the heroes of most modern novels are sadly lacking in the heroic virtues. The causes of their decline belong as much to the province of the philosopher as to that of the literary historian. Ten years ago M. Paul Bénichou traced the beginnings of the process back to the seventeenth century, and dwelt on the part played by the skepticism of La Rochefoucauld and the pessimism of Pascal in what he aptly called "the demolition of the hero." Mr. Giraud addresses himself to the same problem in his able and interesting book, but his field is the nineteenth century French novel and he formulates it in social rather than in philosophical terms. "The unheroic hero" of his title is the middle-class or—since we cannot avoid the word in his context—the "bourgeois" hero. He remarks in his introductory chapter that though the bourgeois had become the victim of the satirists as early as the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, anti-bourgeois feeling in the nineteenth century was both more violent and more complex than in earlier ages.

The middle classes, as the expression suggests, are less homogeneous than either the aristocracy or the working class. Already in the seventeenth century we can detect three separate groups. There were the patricians who tended to rise out of their class, to intermarry with the aristocracy or, like the writers, to move in Court circles by virtue of their calling. At the other end of the scale were the provincials who were drifting towards the peasantry and were the constant butt of seventeenth century wit. In between these two extremes came the bourgeoisie proper—the professional and commercial class—which was at that time to a considerable degree the backbone of the country.

These divergences were accentuated in the nineteenth century by the conflict which arose between the writers with their patrician outlook and the new and aggressive bourgeoisie which had emerged from the French Revolution. In politics

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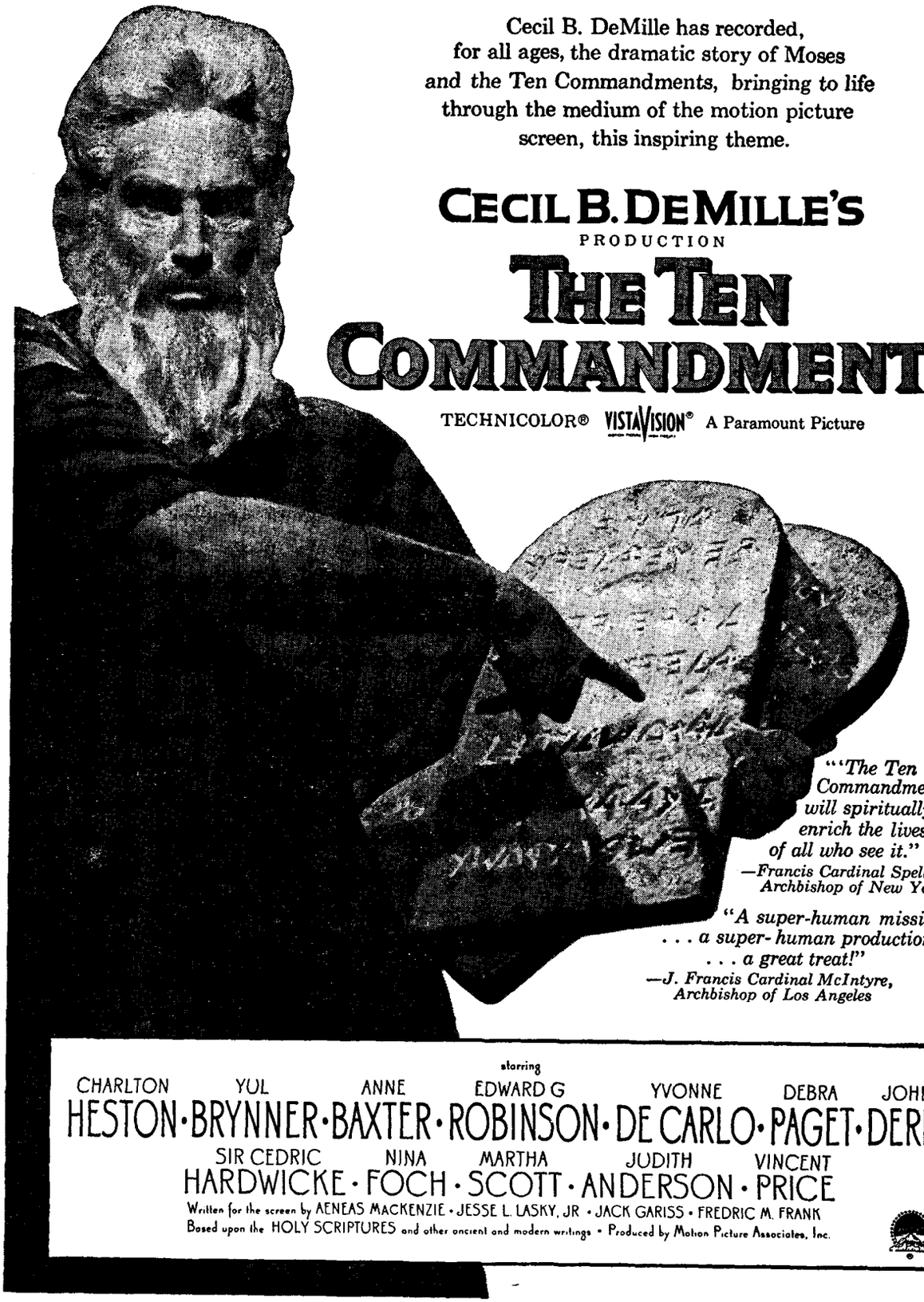

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it led to a much more extensive championship of the "underdog" by left-wing intellectuals than in the eighteenth century. In art and literature it also led to open warfare. The writer attacked the bourgeois because his insensitiveness seemed an obstacle to the development of art: the bourgeois retaliated by haling the writer before the courts whenever he got the chance because he felt that advanced ideas of every kind were a threat to security and to the business of money-making which was his main interest in life.

Mr. Giraud studies the effects of the split on the work of three major novelists. He shows that though the writers affected to despise bourgeois values, they were by no means indifferent to the creature comforts which were the fruit of bourgeois industry and bourgeois thrift. He thinks that this explains Stendhal's ambivalent attitude towards his protagonists which he analyzes in an illuminating discussion of the Blois election in *Lucien Leuwen*. He describes this ambivalence as a form of "duplicity." He is much more forthright when he turns to Balzac. Although Balzac was born only sixteen year after Stendhal his ties with the bourgeoisie were far closer. There was nothing aristocratic about his protagonists as there so plainly was about Stendhal's. Mr. Giraud calls him "the great compriser," and remarks that in *César Birotteau* he made "a sincere effort to give heroic stature to the generally despised shopkeeper type of bourgeois." Flaubert fares worst of all. We are told that there was something not altogether honest "in his use of the word bourgeois to isolate himself verbally" from the class to which he owed his intellectual formation and even his style.

It is a pity that the author did not carry his enquiry a stage further and include Zola. Although Zola was not an artist of the same caliber as the three novelists whom he discusses, he is a much more arresting example of the writer's compromise with bourgeois values. Sandoz, one of the principal characters in *L'Oeuvre* and a very obvious self-portrait, rubs his hands in glee at the way in which his novels are scandalizing the bourgeois, but refuses to invite Claude Lantier and Christine to his home until they have regularized their position by a civil marriage at the *mairie*. The truth is that Zola was almost a dual personality. With the exception of the long liaison with Jeanne Rozerot, his private life was a model of middle-class respectability, but his novels provided an outlet for the violent impulses—particularly the thirst for power and women—which often lie hidden by the facade of conventional respectability. It was precisely those impulses which in earlier and less inhibited ages had provided the stuff of which real heroes were made.

Although Mr. Giraud observes shrewdly of Stendhal's Lucien Leuwen that "his social origin and personal qualities vastly over-qualify him for the bourgeois," he does not in general make sufficient allowance for the part played by the *mental* qualities—the patrician qualities—in the nineteenth century split, and he is decidedly unjust to Flaubert who saw more clearly than anyone except Baudelaire that "the bourgeois mentality" was not confined to a single class.

Ultimately the problem involves something much more fundamental than the "political, social and economic changes" described here. It is the result first of the break-up of Christendom, then of the disintegration of the Renaissance conception of man. One of the functions of literature is to reflect the changes which take place in the human situation. That is the significance of the reduction of man in Balzac to a "temperament" and in Zola to an "appetite." Stendhal had shown that there was no hope for the hero in nineteenth century society; it was left to Flaubert and Zola to show that there was very little hope for man. For when man is deprived of his religious belief and his belief in himself, when virtue and vice are dismissed as mere "chemical products," all that remains is what Zola called *la bête humaine*—"the human beast"—as we have all learned to our cost.

Exact and Pleasing

THE RAIN AND THE FIRE AND THE WILL OF GOD. By Donald Wetzel. Random House. $2.95.

By JOHN A. LYNCH

JACK HAYWOOD is neither Tom Sawyer nor Huck Finn, nor that later explorer, Holden Caulfield of *The Catcher in the Rye*. But his life is just as real and as spontaneous, if not quite as adventurous. We are taken through the fifteenth summer of it, in the red-dirt farm country of Alabama, where it is very hot and often very quiet, and nothing much happens unless you make it happen.

Jack finds out in the passing of the summer, variously, about alligators, cigarettes, sunburn, stray cats, bee trees, pride, tolerance, girls (a little bit), and the rain and the fire and the will of God of the title.

He bashes one boy's nose ("I had got cut off from him so to speak by one evening knocking him into a flower bed in his own front yard"), and makes a friend of another ("We walked back down to the lot and then down to the branch again, and then we come back and sat down on the log under the chinaberry tree and just sat there").

The author's observations are exact and pleasing, whether of growing boys, or of bluejays and thunder and a coming storm. They are pleasing to the ear and pleasing to the memory.

"We was still in the heavy woods and around us there was that quiet you notice when a storm is coming. Once, somewhere close, a bird sung a little, and then stopped, like it was confused. Then we seen a fox squirrel, which is rare, and he just lay out on a high limb and seen us go by and didn't move, which I have never seen at all before. And not far from that we come on a bunch of bluejays and they left and curved off into the woods without making a sound. They have a complaining sound they make that is like the sound of a rusty pulley, but this time there was nothing. Now and then to the west of us we could

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hear the thunder, moving nearer. It sounded like a wagon rumbling on a bridge."

The editor and critic Ray B. West, Jr. has criticized William Saroyan, even to the point of saying he may no longer be taken seriously, largely on the basis that he has never shown "an awareness of problems that have concerned our major writers." If the criticism is valid, it may be made, too, of Donald Wetzel, for this is not a book concerned with social protest, political action, war, infidelity, or even men in gray flannel suits. And the goodness of the book lies partly in the very fact that it is not.

For it is good to be reminded that a boy can grow up in the country and take on there a little of the man he will someday be. It is good to hear the rhythms of his speech (although his grammar may often be flagrant), and good to walk with him in the woods and the branch and up to Jenny's house. There is wonderment in his ways, and wonderment, too, at people, at the season, at the things God has made.

It is a small story and rightly told, without sentimentality and without awe, and these are some of the good things about it.

Grim Comedy

BERLIN. By Theodor Plievier. Doubleday. $4.50.
THE BLACK OBELISK. By Erich Maria Remarque. Harcourt, Brace. $4.50.

By WILLIAM PFAFF

GERMANY at two critical times: Erich Maria Remarque writes of the Weimar Republic in 1923, mad inflation and the stirrings of totalitarian movements in a provincial town. Theodor Plievier writes of Nazi Berlin as it disintegrates under the crush of the Russian attack, and of the postwar years in Germany's Russian-controlled East. These two novels speak of radically different Germanies, but both deal with ends and beginnings, and both are memorable books.

The lesser undertaking is Mr. Remarque's. He is writing in a personally nostalgic note; there is nothing portentous. This is the tale of a romantic young man who sells tombstones, writes poetry, loves a mad girl (or, rather, the personality of the schizophrenic Geneviève that is lost when she is cured), and tries to outwit inflation. Inflation dominates the book as it must have dominated the lives of those who experienced Germany in 1923. You must get rid of your cash before the new rate is announced. Money is stable between the last bank statement of one day and the first of the next. To stay ahead of the game you must have turned cash into real property before the next drop in the rate. That is, the ordinary man must try. Business cannot operate on such a system, so there is an elaborate scheme of discounted promissory notes handled through the banks which makes commerce possible, but at the cost of further inflation. Individuals, of course, are hardly more able to live in a system where money holds its worth between sundown and sunrise. So shopkeepers, laborers and those on fixed incomes are ruined as they steadily exchange their property in bits and pieces for the necessities of life. The author remarks that "the only ones who come out on top are those who accumulate debts. The debts disappear of themselves." It is catastrophe, but it is also comedy, the comedy of the gravediggers.

The twenties in Germany had a flavor very much their own, decadence and romanticism, a flavor an outsider may sense in the music of the period—the German jazz, the bad, tinny piano and the dissonant sentimentalism. This book is a kind of literary transcription of that mood: old, soldier jokes (too many of them for those who are not old soldiers, no doubt) ribald love affairs, schmaltz and vulgarity, hope against a sort of genius of despair. Mr. Remarque and his young tombstone salesman and poet enjoyed all —even the comic fantasy of inflation, for young bachelors don't suffer too seriously from owning a billion marks (worth, at best, if one is fast, a modest meal). Certainly they enjoyed beer and bawdiness, the rows with those knuckleheads in uniform who followed that man Hitler.

The stage must be reset for Theodor Plievier's novel. This is the third and concluding volume in an epic trilogy of the war in the East. It began with *Stalingrad,* published in this country in 1948. Then there was *Moscow,* now *Berlin.* We have followed the Panzers from the green days in East Prussia when the order came to attack the Soviet Union, days of peaceful bivouacs in the forests, fresh men, new equipment. We have followed them to defeat in the East and retreat and death through the reddened snow and mud to Berlin. We have followed the Russians from those easy days of occupation in conquered East Poland, through the terrible retreat and terrible battles that turned the war.

Mr. Plievier began with ambition enough: a panorama of both sides, following both Russian and German individuals who ranged from ordinary soldiers and peasants to

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division and army commanders. And as his great enterprise has progressed, he has added to the undertaking. He has given scenes in the Kremlin and in Hitler's headquarters. He has given glimpses at least of the conferences of Allied chiefs. And in this final book his ambitions have come close to betraying him. There is almost too much—too many people, too many of them real figures in wartime or present history. The narrative comes close to atomization, particularly in the first half of the book which deals with the conquest of Berlin. The author writes here almost exclusively of the Berliners. A few are survivors from the earlier books. All are involved in a catastrophe of such proportions that to describe it becomes almost monotonous. One becomes deafened to death.

At mid-book the artillery fire dies away. The Russians control East Berlin and East Germany and the pathetic band of Communist German exiles have been flown in from Moscow to establish the puppet governments. Mr. Plievier takes up a series of stories of individuals involved in the Russian control system. The concluding episode, a magnificent one, is the story of a Colonel Zecke, a decent man. He had fought the war in the East, had played a role in the July 20th, 1944 attempt on Hitler's life. He is captured in Berlin by the Red Army. He meets a Russian officer, like Zecke a decent man serving a terrible system. The Russian arranges special privileges for prisoner Zecke, a kind of internment, and periodically consults the former German staff officer on the developing cold war. The two return to Berlin on the 16th of June, 1953, and their odyssey ends in the new fire kindled in East Berlin by the workers' uprising. The ending is neither momentous nor conclusive; it is an ending on values of decency and hope. They are the values expressed by Theodor Plievier throughout the trilogy, this imaginative interpretation of the collision of the twentieth century's two great totalitarianisms. The work finished here surely is one of the major accomplishments of contemporary European fiction.

Moral and Profane

BOTTICELLI. Text by Giulio Carlo Argan. Skira. $5.75.

By JAMES R. MELLOW

FOR THOSE who admire the grace and sensuous charm of Botticelli's "profane" works—the *Primavera,* or *The Birth of Venus*—the character of his later, more "moral" productions may seem austere and chill. It is a chastened view of the world which those later works represent, a view tinged, supposedly, by the dour impression of Savonarola upon Florentine society. Mr. Argan's thesis, which he develops in a careful, but curiously abstract way, attempts to tone down that difference; he makes of Botticelli's art—so full of warmth and elegance at its beginnings, so precise and spare at its conclusion—a logical progression of the painter's aims and intentions in the midst of the ferment of Italian and, particularly, Florentine ideas during the Quattrocento.

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It seems a much sounder approach than to predicate that change in his art on any sudden dramatic crisis—the martyrdom of Savonarola, for example, as has been held. Our critical experiences discover what we are. Botticelli's later "moralistic" works, according to Mr. Argan, only define the attitudes which were forming at the beginning of his career. His painting "evolved like a dialectical argument worked out under the unrelaxing reciprocal tension of religious and artistic problems . . . " But there is much less of the historical background of the period than one would appreciate and little sense of Botticelli himself.

Mr. Argan's text, though it is often fine when dealing with specific paintings, shades off into abstraction on every possible occasion with discussions of the nature of beauty, the creative act, the relationship of art and ritual. These are legitimate concerns in any commentary upon a painter and particularly relevant in the case of Botticelli; yet one misses in them the specific sense of the painter whose work they are intended to consider. Since they remain so much on the level of the general and abstract, they frequently fail to illuminate.

The book is illustrated with numerous color reproductions, and the larger paintings (not too distinct in their small reductions) are supplemented by a series of details. One sees Botticelli himself looking out of the Uffizi *Adoration*—aloof, confronting the viewers with a curious, appraising glance. It is good to have that solid glimpse of him, firmly human in the midst of his rich and varied art.

REVIEWERS

Martin Turnell is a well-known English critic. He is the author of *Baudelaire*, a critical study, and *The Novel in France*.

John A. Lynch, a poet and short story writer, has written for *Today*, *The Antioch Review* and numerous other publications.

William Pfaff, a former editor of The Commonweal, continues to be a frequent contributor.

James R. Mellow is associate editor of *Arts* and writes frequently for that and other publications on artistic and cultural matters.

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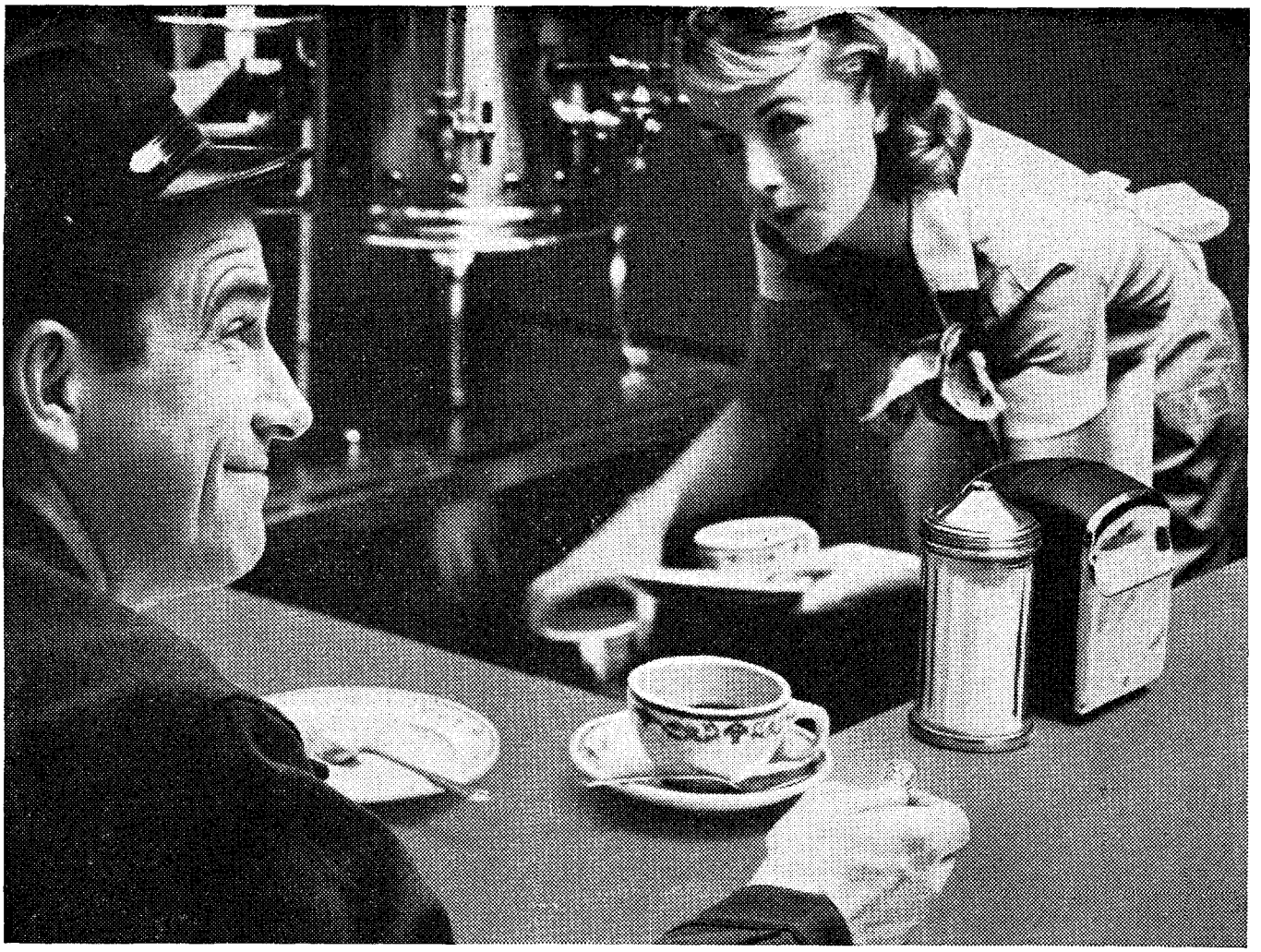

For less than a dime tip

YOU CAN BUY A POUND OF STEEL

The most common kinds of steel, used in your auto body and household appliances, cost less than 7 cents a pound.

Compare this with other metals—aluminum at about 42 cents a pound, copper at about 60 cents.

Because steel is by far the lowest priced of all metals, price increases are smaller, too. Last August, for instance, the rise was approximately less than one-half of a cent a pound.

Steel is also the most versatile and most widely used metal. Everything you use is made either from or with the help of steel.

* * *

Public opinion is important to the operation of any industry—but especially of a basic industry. This is why your correct understanding of these facts concerning the economics of steel and the current steel expansion program is important. Favorable expansion of the steel industry is essential to continuing the efficient production of steel. The efficiency of the steel industry's operation is, broadly speaking, the reason for the low price of steel.

Prices are for sheet product as compiled by U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics—January 1957

REPUBLIC STEEL Cleveland 1, Ohio

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